

This time I'm gonna take the crown by Gayrefrain (orphan_account)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, basically i needed more of the makeover scene so i wrote a whole scene myself, pure fluff, set during 1x04 but spoilers for the whole show to be safe

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven, Karen Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

“So I don’t completely understand this stuff,” Mike admits as he digs around for Nancy’s bag of makeup. “But I’ve seen my mom and my sister do this a billion times. Should be easy. Aha!”

He holds up the bag triumphantly, where it was hiding under the bed, and brings himself into a kneeling position. And finds himself face to face with El, who's looking at him very intently.

AKA:

Mike gives Eleven her first makeover.

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Even though he knows he's alone, Mike still pulls out his stealthiest moves to make sure that Nancy *definitely* isn't in her room.

She isn't.

"Okay, we're safe," Mike says, and opens the door.

El looks at him, cocking her head slightly, "From the Bad Men?"

Mike realizes his overreaction. "Yes we are, but also we're safe from Nancy. We're going to be using her makeup."

She looks confused again so Mike just says, "It'll make more sense if I show you. Promise."

"Promise," El repeats.

Mike leads El to the bed. "Stay here," He says, and she nods again. Before he turns around, he sees her look around the room from her perch, lingering on all the photos Nancy has of herself and Barb. Mike then gets back to his mission.

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Mike clears his throat and moves so he's sitting across from her, "Have you ever read any Comic books? Graphic novels?"

El shakes her head 'no.'

So Mike explains, "So there are other people, according to these stories, with powers kinda like yours." El smiles at that. "But there are Bad Men after them too. So the people in these stories protect themselves by creating a secret identity."

“A secret?” El checks.

Mike nods, “Exactly. So they have disguises. We’ll use Nancy’s makeup and some old costumes and create a secret identity for you, so you can be safe. Okay?”

“Yes.”

Mike smiles at her and looks through the bag quickly. There’s a hairbrush, not really necessary with El, but then he finds something familiar, blush, “My mom uses this stuff all the time, says it ‘brings a glow’ or whatever.” Since El likes to learn things, he figures he’ll try his best to explain it to her, even though this is some girly stuff.

He scoops a good amount onto the brush and goes to brush it against El’s face when she jerks back a bit. He almost laughs, but instead just waits a second. She leans forward, still recoiling a bit, and lets him. It’s oddly reassuring, considering she could easily throw him across the room with just one stare, that she trusts him on this. Even if it is just blush.

“So, the superheroes have these costumes,” Mike says as El’s cheeks get pinker. “That’s what Dustin and Lucas are doing, trying to get you some better clothes.” He puts away the brush and blush.

“These... bad?” El is looking at the navy sweatshirt and grey sweatpants she’s been wearing since they found her. She looks sad.

“No, they’re great,” Mike quickly reassures her, “But you need to blend in. Like how...” He tries to think a way to explain it. “Like chameleons do.” She seems to follow his explanation, so he just keeps going through the bag.

He doesn’t really have any friends who are girls, so he’s not sure what makeup the girls his age are wearing to really make her blend in. Nancy has bright colors, like pink and blue and orange, but also some soft pinks and chapsticks. Too many decisions.

Since El is a great listener, he decides to think aloud, “I remember, one time my mom and Nancy had a fight, when she was my age. She wanted to wear makeup but Mom said she was wearing too much. It

had to be ‘subtle,’” That was the word his mom kept using as Nancy was shouting that she was embarrassing her even though only Mike was there.

“Subtle?” El asks, testing the word.

“Like soft,” Mike tries to think of a better word when El pets her own knee.

“Soft?” She asks. Oh. She’s talking about her sweatpants.

Mike shakes his head, “No, it’s just gotta blend.” He feels bad he can’t explain it, but El doesn’t look too pissed at all the confusing words. Still, he says, “You pick.”

Her eyebrows furrow, so Mike grabs all the lipsticks Nancy owns and fans them out across his hands. “It’s *your* face, El...” He says a bit sheepishly, “You should pick.”

El gives him a small smile then scrutinizes the lipsticks. A moment later, she points to the pink chapstick.

“Good pick,” Mike says, putting the others away. “This will make your lips soft.”

“Like blend?”

“No, more like” And then he pokes at her sweatpants. She nods in understanding and he uncaps the chapstick to press against her lips.

Mike’s never done this before, and he’s pretty sure he sucks at it. But El’s a good sport. “It’s good that these make your lips soft,” He says, thinking of all the times he’s had chapped lips and these helped.

“Why?” She asks, and suddenly they’re just looking at each other.

Mike pauses, “Not sure, actually.” But she nods, just accepting his answer.

Before he can check if there’s anything else to add to her new look, Lucas and Dustin walk in, carrying a large pink dress and a bright blonde wig.

“We got the costume,” Dustin announces, dumping it on the bed next to Mike and El. “Is she done?”

Mike inspects El’s face then nods, and closes the makeup bag, “You grabbed a pink dress and a wig?” He clarifies.

“There wasn’t much else in our D&D box,” Lucas defends huffily, looking at El.

Mike looks over at her as well, and she’s petting the dress as it now sits in her lap. She looks up to see all the boys staring at her. “Soft,” She says, like it’s an answer.

Lucas and Dustin are both silent, so Mike says, “We’ll give you privacy. If you need help, call for us.”

El nods, so the boys all step out. In the hallway outside Nancy’s room, they wait for El in silence.

Until Dustin breaks it.

“So you two were pretty cosy...” He says to Mike, all fake-casual with a huge grin on his face.

“What? No. No way, it was just for the makeup stuff,” Mike defends, shoving his hands in his pockets.

“Uh-huh,” Dustin keeps grinning like he single-handedly won a campaign, leaning against a desk in the hallway. Mike sees Lucas roll his eyes.

“If Mike said it was just the makeup, it was just the makeup,” Lucas says. “End of discussion.”

Mike flails a hand Lucas’s direction, because he always has his back, “Thank you!”

Dustin, still smiling, goes to speak but then the door clicks open, and they all turn to look at Eleven.

She steps out in the dress, wig, and the makeup Mike put on her, and Mike can’t help but feel struck with how normal she looks. She was

still a girl before, and still pretty, but now it's so... obvious. Eleven is *pretty*.

"Wow," Dustin says, impressed. "She looks..."

"Pretty," Mike says, before his brain catches up with his mouth. El smiles again and Mike knows that his friends are gonna tease him so he tries to cover it up with a shrug and a "Good, pretty good, you look pretty good."

El stares at him for a split second, and he's afraid that was the wrong answer, but then she moves over to the mirror in their hallway. Dustin is still grinning like an idiot, so Mike follows her over. He watches as he stares at herself, and wonders if this is the first time El has ever worn a dress that wasn't a long t-shirt or had long hair.

"Pretty," She says so softly he barely hears it, and he's just a couple steps behind her. "Good." She takes a deep breath.

"You ready to go?" Mike asks, making sure she's okay.

El looks at him through the reflection in the mirror. "Yes."

Author's Note:

This is my first Stranger Things fanfic, so I'd love any feedback. I hope you enjoyed it. Also, if you want to gush about the show, I'm on tumblr [@wondereleven](#) and [@stardustsantiago](#). Thanks for reading!